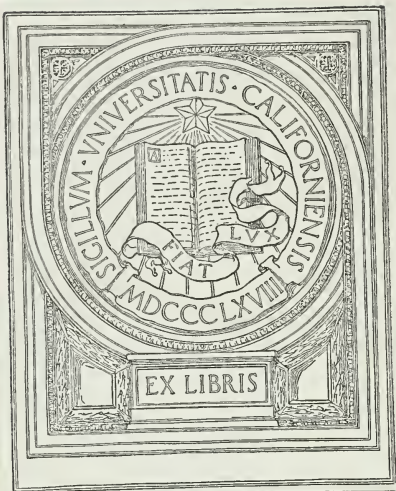


DA
385
S6
v.1
pt.9

UC-NRLF



B 4 071 142



Remarks
ON
THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF THE
Fam'd Mr. BLOOD :

GIVING AN ACCOUNT

Of his { Plot in *Ireland*, to surprize *Dublin Castle*.
Several transactions in his head-quarters in the City.
Rescue of Captain *Mason* at *Doncaster*.
Attempt on the person of his Grace the Duke of *Ormond*.
Seizing on the Crown and Sceptre in the Tower.
Coming into favour with his Prince.
Concern about his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*.
Sickness, Death, and twice Interment.

Published for Public Information.

LONDON:

Printed for *Richard Janeway*, in *Queens-head Alley* in *Pater-noster Row*,
1680.

Re-printed by *G. Smeeton*, St. Martin's Church Yard.

M.DCCC.XVII.

Price 3s. 6d.

5/

1/23

5



THOMAS BLOOD .

Published Nov. 11th 1817, by G. Smecton .



Remarks

ON

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF THE

Fam'd Mr. BLOOD:

GIVING AN ACCOUNT

Of his

{ Plot in *Ireland*, to surprize *Dublin* Castle.

{ Several transactions in his head-quarters in the City.

{ Rescue of Captain *Mason* at *Doncaster*.

{ Attempt on the person of his Grace the Duke of *Ormond*.

{ Seizing on the Crown and Scepter in the Tower.

{ Coming into favour with his Prince.

{ Concern about his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*.

{ Sickness, Death, and twice Interment.

Published for public Information.

LONDON:

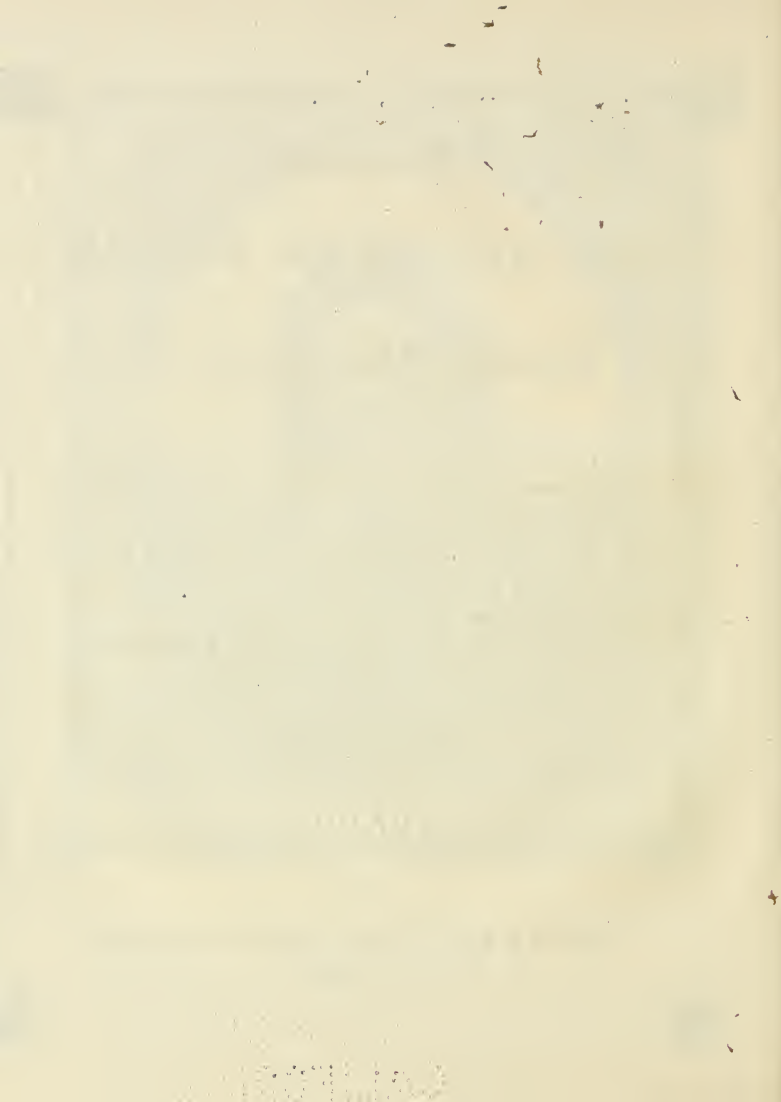
Published for *Richard Janeway*, in *Queens-head Alley* in *Pater-noster Row*.

1680.

Reprinted by G. Smecton, St. Martin's Church-yard, Charing Cross.

M.DCCC.XVII.





DA 385
56
v. 1, pt 9

LETTER TO A FRIEND,

CONTAINING

REMARKS ON THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF THE

Fam'd Mr. BLOOD.

Sir,



MOST willingly I comply with your desire of compiling the Life of the famed Master *Blood*; and I trust it will satisfy your curiosity with regard to him; for a life so full of such extraordinary events ought not to be buried in oblivion. From my intimacy with him, I am enabled to fulfill the task you (and divers others) have imposed on me—and the occurrences here recorded may be relied on.

Blood was born in Ireland, of a birth not enobled by high blood, but his parents were of the middling order of society,* who gave him an excellent education; and he being possessed of a lively and retentive memory, made great advance in learning: he was a great wit, and a youth of promising talents. In fact, so highly was

* Stripe and Carte say that Blood was the son of a Blacksmith, in Ireland.

esteemed in Ireland, that he was placed in the Commission of the Peace before he reached the age of 22,* and was courted by all for his integrity and love of justice. And during the entire period of his exercising his powers in the peace, reflected the greatest honour on himself, by strictly upholding the Protestant Religion in Ireland. He married in England, a Lancashire woman, daughter of Mr. *Holcroft*, by whom he had several children.

During the rebellion, he enlisted under the banners of the King; and in many trying and perillous battles, gave the Royal Army great assistance, both by valour and advice.

At the conclusions of the wars, he went to Ireland, and made a demand in the Court of Claims, of his confiscated Lands; in which he was unsuccessful: this disappointment, it is conjectured, so enraged him, that he immediately heads the disaffected there; and with them, lays a plot to seize *Dublin* Castle. In this unsuccessful attempt, his brother-in-law, a Mr. *Leckey*, was taken, and sentenced to be hanged and quartered. This affair was so notorious, that upwards of 2000 people assembled to witness the execution; and a curious and laughable circumstance attended the melancholy scene; which was this—just as the unfortunate *Leckey* was under the gallows, some people spread a report that *Blood* was approaching, with a party to the rescue of his brother. They no sooner heard this, but, as there is oft times a vain and idle terror that possesses the mind of the silly Multitude, consternated with some strange fury that threatened them, they all ran and dispers'd themselves from the gibbet. Nay the executioner himself left his

* It is evident from this, that *Blood* was, in the earlier part of his life, a man respected, and of property. Grainger calls him "a ruffian, and a fellow who would not stoop to little villainies." Noorthouck says he was a disbanded soldier of Cromwell's.

station and took his Flight, believing that he should be first aimed at, leaving the person that was to suffer, in the dreadful posture of a person preparing for his untimely death, the rope about his neck, and no body to do the office; so that had any thing of resistance been made, the unfortunate Gentleman's delivery had been easy.

This design was to have been put in execution the one and twentieth of *May*, the Duke of *Ormond* being first to have been seized. To which purpose diverse persons with petitions in their hands were to have waited in the Castle, while about fourscore foot, in the disguise of Handi-crafts-men waited without, whose business it was to trifle about in expectation of an opportunity to surprize the Guards. The Plot being discovered, 500*l.* a head was proffer'd for the apprehension of the Ringleaders.

Mr. *Blood* being thereupon forced to flie for these things, made his escape into *Holland*, where upon his continuance in those parts for some time, he became at length well known to that great and Famous Admiral, *De Ruyter*, who, though the greatest Enemy the *English* had, in respect to his Conduct and Success, which many times put a stop to the Current of the Victories, yet had that generous kindness and love for a Nation so long in a bloody Competition with his Country, that he could not choose but frequently declare it to several, but more particularly to Mr. *Blood*, whom he was pleased to admit often into his Society, and honoured with an Entertainment answerable to that respect and affection which he bore the Nation of *England*.

To whom that great Admiral was so kind as to give him an account of his own Miraculous deliverance, which a friend of mine had from Mr. *Blood's* own mouth. Which was this.

That renowned Person *De Ruyter* being born of mean Parentage, the greater part of his Father's substance being two Horses, with which

he supplied the wants of his Family by the usual labour of that Country, which was about two Miles distance from *Berghen up Zome*; it happened that both his fathers horses were taken from him by certain Troops of the *Dutch Army*, and carried to their Camp in *Flanders*. This loss being so considerable to *De Ruyters* Father, who thereby saw himself and his Family totally ruin'd, he made haste after them to the Camp, but finding his addresses fruitless by the delays and neglect of the Officers, he resolved upon a more speedy way of Reparation, which was privately to regain his own from those that had robb'd him by a more justifiable stealth. And having discovered where his horses were, he watched his opportunity, secretly conveyed them away, and carried them to a place somewhat remote from his own house.

The Soldiers missing their Booty, and concluding the Owner had them again, returned in the night with an intention to have taken them away a second time. But being disappointed, in revenge they set on fire the poor Thatch'd Cottage about the Ears of the sleeping Inhabitants.

In the Horror of this surprize, while the awaken'd Father, Mother, and servant, endeavoured to save themselves by breaking through the Flames, with that care of Self-preservation, which is common to all Creatures, and which at the same time puts all the Faculties of the Memory and Understanding into a strange confusion, the poor helpless Infant, afterwards the Glory and Preserver of this Country, lay void of succour in his Swaddling bands fast asleep in an upper Room. But the Mother now free her self, remembering the Danger of her only Darling, with a Masculine contempt of the threatening peril of the Enterprize, and assisted by that high Protection which saved the Children in the fiery Furnace, she threw her self through the compassionless Flames

into the house again, resolv'd to live or die with the only hopes and comfort of her life.

And so having broken through the Smoke and Flames into the upper Room she first threw the child out at a Window into a sheet, held by the Father and the Servant to receive his tender Bones, and afterwards jump out her self.

Thus saving from the Flames the Person, that was designed *Salamander*-like to spend the chiefest part of his days in Fire and Smoak. A remarkable story concerning that great Person for which we are beholding only to Mr. *Blood's* Converse with him, as being quite omitted, or else unknown to the Author that published his Life in *Holland*.

Returning out of *Holland* into *England* he fell in with the *Fifth-Monarchy-men*,* resolving to venter all in the bottom of their Interest.

* "The Excess of mercy shewn by King *Charles II* at his Restoration, was a great Encouragement to that immense Multitude of harden'd Rebels the Nation swarm'd with, to proceed in their vile Practises. The first that broke out, were a Pack of wild Enthusiasts, so besotted with their hellish Notions, that they conceiv'd a Handful of them sufficient to overwhelm and embroil the whole Nation. These were the *Millenaries*, or Fifth-Monarch Men, who, notwithstanding the prime Heads of them, as Colonel *Overton*, Cornet *Day*, Major *Allen*, *Courtenay*, &c. had been before seiz'd upon Suspicion, still persisted in their wicked designs, which they attempted to put in Execution in *January 1660-1*, as follows.

On *Sunday, January 6, 1660-1*, these Monsters assembled themselves at their Meeting House in *Coleman Street*, where they arm'd themselves, and sallying thence, came to *St. Paul's* in the Dusk of the Evening, and there, after ordering some small Party, plac'd Sentinels, one of whom kill'd a Person accidentally passing by, because he said he was for God and King *Charles*, when challenged by him. This giving the Alarm, and some Parties of Train'd-Bands charging them, and being repuls'd, they march'd to *Bishopsgate*, thence to *Cripplegate*, and *Aldersgate*, where going out in spite of the Constables and Watch, they declared for King *JESUS*. Proceeding to *Beech-Lane*, they kill'd an Headborough, who would have oppos'd them. They then hastened away to *Canewood*, where they lurk'd, resolv'd to make another Effort upon the City, but were drove thence, and routed by a Party of Horse and foot, sent for that Purpose, about 30 being taken, and brought before General *Moxk*. who committed them to the Gate-house.

He found them to be a bold and daring sort of people like himself, and their Principles so suiting with their discontents, that he judged them

Nevertheless, the others, who had escap'd out of the Wood, returned to *London*, not doubting of Success in their Enterprize; *Venner*, a Wine Cooper by Trade, and their Head, affirming, *he was assur'd that no Weapons employed against them, would prosper*



THOMAS VENNER.

nor a hair of their heads be touch'd; which their coming off so well, made them willing to believe. These Fellows had taken the Opportunity of the King's being gone to *Portsmouth*, having before made a Disposition for drawing to them of other desperate Rebels,

very proper for his Management. For it was his Maxim, never to put his confidence in any that were not engag'd either by Principle or Interest to his Designs.

by Publishing a Declaration, called, *A Door of Hope opened*, full of abominable slanders against the Royal Family.

On *Wednesday* Morning, *January* 9, after the Watches and Guards were dismiss'd, they reassum'd their first enterprize. Their first appearance was in *Threadneedle-Street*, where they alarmed the Train'd Bands upon Duty that Day, and drove back a Party sent after them, to their main Guard, which then marching in a body towards them, the Fifth-Monarchists retired into *Bishopsgate-Street*, where some of them took into an Ale-house known by the Sign of the Helmet, where, after a sharp Dispute, two were kill'd, and as many taken, the same Number of the Train'd-Bands being kill'd and wounded. The next sight of them, (for they vanish'd, and appear'd again on a sudden) was at *College-Hill*, which Way they went up into *Cheapside*, and into *Wood-street*, *Venner* leading them, with a Murron on his Head, and a Halbert in his Hand. Here was the main or Hottest Action, for they fought stoutly with the *Train'd-Bands*, and receiv'd a Charge from the Life-Guards, whom they obliged to give way, 'till being overpower'd and *Venner* knock'd down, and wounded with shot, *Tufney* and *Crag*, two others of their chief Teachers, being killed by him, they began to give ground, and soon dispers'd flying outright, and taking several ways. The greatest Part of them went down *Wood-street* to *Cripplegate*, firing in the rear at the yellow *Train'd-Bands*, then in close Pursuit of them. Ten of them took into the *Blue-anchor* Ale-house, near the Postern which House they maintain'd 'till Lieut.-Col. *Cor*, with his Company, secur'd all the Avenues to it. In the mean time, some of the aforesaid yellow *Train'd-Bands* got upon the Tiles of the next house, which they threw off, and fir'd in upon the Rebels, who were in the upper Room, and even then refus'd quarter. At the same time another File of Musketeers got up the Stairs, and having shot down the Door, enter'd upon them. Six of them were kill'd before, another wounded, and one refusing quarter, was knock'd down, and afterwards shot. The others being ask'd why they had not begg'd Quarter before, answered, *They durst not, for fear their own Fellows should shoot them*. Such was their Resolution, or enthusiastick Madness.

The whole number in this last Attempt, does not appear to be above 50 Persons tho' not above 40 were ever seen together; yet so great was their Confidence in the pretended Revelations of their Teachers, that alluding to the History of *Gideon* in Holy Writ, they Question'd not with that small Remnant that could lap, to subdue and conquer all the rest, designing to allow none but such Quakers as agreed with them in their Millenary Notions, as nearest to their sort of Enthusiasm, the Honour of partaking with them in this their great and glorious Design, as they termed it, in their aforesaid Declaration, wherein they farther blasphemously said, *That if they were deceiv'd, or misled, it was God that deceiv'd them*; laying their delusions, and charging their wicked and desperate Folly on him, as the Author of it.

In this vile Insurrection, were slain 22 of the King's Men, and as many of the Traytors, most of them in Houses, and some others taken Prisoners, were afterwards shot for refusing to tell their names. There was 20 taken, besides some few upon Suspicion; the 20 were

These people it is well known had laid a Design, not confined to one Quarter, but almost general all over *England*; it was said to be first contriv'd in the Bishoprick of *Durham* from whence the Conta-

as follows, viz. *Thomas Venner*, the Wine Cooper, their Captain; *Roger Hodgkins*, a Button Seller, in *St. Clement's Lane, Lombard-street*; *Leonard Gowler*, *Jonas Allen*, *John Pym*, *William Orsingham*, *William Ashton*, *Giles Pritchard*, a Cow Keeper, *Stephen Fall*, *John Smith*, *William Cocket*, *John Dod*, *John Elcston*, *Thomas Harris*, *John Gardener*, *Robert Bradley*, *Richard Marten*, *John Patshall*, *Robert Hopkins*, and *John Wells*, five of whom had been formerly in a design against *Oliver Cromwell*.

These were all brought to their Tryal together; the wounded Men had Chairs allow'd them, and their indictment was for High Treason and Murder.

Thomas Venner was first called, who, when he had held up his Hand at his Arraignment, being ask'd, *Guilty or not Guilty*, began a wild Phanatick Discourse about his Conversation in *New England*, and concerning the *Fifth-Monarchy*, and the Testimony within him for above twenty years, with such little pertinent Rabble. He confess'd he had been in the late rising, but was not guilty of Treason, intending not to levy War against the King; and then sally'd out into nonsensical Pleas, as at first: But the Court pressing him to plead directly to the Indictment, he answered, *Not Guilty*, and put himself upon his Country.

In like manner *Hodgkins*, after some rambling from the Business in Hand, and the Court's threatening to record him Mute, pleaded to the Indictment; the rest of his Fellows submitting after some previous Excursions in their frantick Way. The Witnesses being then sworn, two against every particular Person, made it appear, that *Venner*, *Tuffney*, and *Crag*, the two last whereof were slain in the Action, did several times Persuade their Congregation to take up Arms for King *JESUS*, against the Powers of the Earth, which were his Majesty, the Duke of *York*, and the General; that they were to kill all that opposed: that they had been praying and Preaching, but not acting for God; that they arm'd themselves at their Meeting-House in *Coleman-street*, with Blunderbusses, Muskets, &c. besides other particular evidence against each of them to matter of Fact. The Proof against *Martin*, *Hopkins*, and *Wells*, was not so full as against the others, and against *Patshal* there was but one Witness, whereupon they were acquitted by the Jury. The other sixteen, being found guilty and brought to the Bar, were required to shew cause why Judgment should not be given against them, &c. The Lord Chief Justice *Foster* charging *Venner* with the Blood of his Accomplices, by seducing and leading them, he answer'd, *He did not*. To which, the Witnesses being produced again, he blasphemously quibbl'd, and said, *It was not he, but JESUS, that lead them*. Three of them confess'd their Crime and Error, and begged Mercy. All the sixteen were condemn'd to be drawn, hang'd, and quartered.

According to which Sentence, on *Saturday, January, 1661-1*, *Venner* and *Hodgkins*, both uncur'd of their wounds they had receiv'd in their Rebellion, being guarded by two Companies of the Train'd Bands, were drawn on a sledge from *Newgate* through *Cheapside*, over-against their Meeting-House in *Swan Alley* in *Coleman-street*, and there executed. *Venner* spoke little, and that in vindication of himself and his Fact, and something of his opinion, being confident the time was at hand, when the other judgment would be; and reflecting much upon the Government. *Hodgkins* rav'd and curs'd by way of praying,

gion spread itself into *Yorkshire, Suffolk*, and several other Countries in the West of *England*; between all which places several Correspondencies were held, and Agents employed under the binding Obligations of Oaths of Secrecy. Their pretences were the opposal of Excise, Subsidies, &c. to re-establish a Gospel Magistracy and Ministry, to restore the Long Parliament, and lastly to Curb the Gentry, Clergy, and Lawyers.

Sometime before this, at *London* sate a secret Committee, of which Mr. *Blood* was chief, to carry on some great Design, which he then had in his head (for I cannot learn that he was ever concerned in the Plot more than for his friend, as you shall hear anon.) This Committee for their security, had always a private Court of Guard abroad, seldom less than thirty out a day. At this Committee all Orders were given out, all manner of Intelligence was brought, examined, and all things sifted and debated in reference to their Grand Design.

calling down the Vengeance from Heaven upon the King, the Judges, and the City of London; nor would he give over, tho' forbid by the Sheriff, 'till the Hang-man was hasten'd from his Employment of quartering *Venner*, to turn him off. Thus they dy'd in the same mad Religion they had liv'd. Their Quarters were set upon the four Gates of the City, by the executed Regicides, whose Quarrel and Revenge they had undertaken in this their Fanatick Attempt. Their heads were also set upon poles, by some of the others, on *London Bridge*.

On *Monday*, the 21st of the same *January*, nine more of them were executed, all in one Morning, at five several Places, by the same Executioner; two at the West End of *St. Pauls*, two at the *Bull and Mouth*, two at *Beech Lane*, two at the *Royal Exchange*, and the last, *Leonard Gowler*, a notable Fellow at *Bishhops-gate*. They all obstinately persisted in their Villany, especially the last, who began with imprecations, like *Hodghins*, and was silenced the same Way, by the Command of the Sheriff. Only one young Man, who was hang'd in *Redecross street*, did repent of his Sin, and the Blood he had spilt; but yet dy'd in his Opinion of *Chiliasm*. When cut down, the Sentence was executed on them to the full; but only their Heads cut off, and set upon *London Bridge*,

But as there seldom happens any Confederacy wherein there are not some false Brethren, two of their Gang, whether out of remorse, or for hopes of reward, had begun to make some discovery of their project at Court. But it happen'd that Mr. *Blood* who was always vigilant and active in his Affairs had got the Wind of these two Deserters, and was therefore resolved to stop them if he could.

To which purpose he appointed to meet the two persons, whom he had more than reason to suspect, at a certain Tavern in the City, who were no sooner come according to their Summons, but he took them both Prisoners, and from thence carried them to a certain place of darkness, which they had found out and hired for their Conveniency.

In this place Mr. *Blood* very formerly calls a Court-Martial of his own, and tries the two men for their lives; who being before such judges, were soon found Guilty, and Sentenc'd to be shot to Death within two days in the same place. When the time for Execution came, they were both brought to the Stake, and being without any other hopes, were forc'd to prepare for Death. But then at the very point of despair, Mr. *Blood* was so kind as to produce them a Pardon, and so releasing and giving them their freedom, bid them go to their Master, and tell him what they had done; and withal, that they should request him in the name of the Confederates, to be as favourable to his Soldiers, when they fell in his Mercy.

But it being impossible to hold out long in these mutinous courses of life, where nothing was acted, but by the Dictates of discontent, he betakes himself to a more safe and quiet way to get a Livelihood. To which purpose he settled his Wife and his Eldest Son in an Apothecaries shop, where they lived by the names of *Weston*; while he himself turns Doctor by the name of *Ayliff*, and retiring to *Rumford* practised Physick there for a long time.

By this time the Northern-Plot came to be fully discovered, wherein as I said before, I cannot learn Mr. *Blood* to have been any way concerned, but only in the Rescue of his Friend.

Upon the Discovery of this Conspiracy, several of the Confederates were Apprehended, Tried, and Executed. Among those that were apprehended, was one Capt. *Mason*, a person for whom Mr. *Blood* had a particular affection and friendship. This person was to be removed from *London* to one of the Northern Counties in order to his Trial at the Assizes; and to that intent was sent down with eight of the Dukes Troop to Guard him, being reckon'd to be a person bold and Courageous. Mr. *Blood* having notice of this journey, resolves by the way to rescue his friend. The Prisoner and Guard went away in the morning, and Mr. *Blood* having made choice of three more of his acquaintance, set forward the same day at night without Boots, upon small Horses, and their Pistols in their Trousse to prevent suspicion. But opportunities are not so easily had, neither were all places convenient. So that the Convoy and their Prisoner were gone a good way beyond *Newark*, before Mr. *Blood* and his friends had any scent of the Prisoner. At one place they set a Sentinel to watch his coming by; but whether it was out of fear, or that the person was tired with a tedious expectation, the Sentinel brought them no Tidings either of the Prisoner or his Guard. Insomuch that Mr. *Blood* and his Companions began to think their friend so far before them upon the road, that it would be in vain to follow him.

And yet not willing to give over an enterprise so generously undertaken, upon Mr. *Blood's* encouragement they rode on, though despairing of success, till finding it grow toward evening, and meeting with a convenient Inn upon the Road in a small Village not far from *Doncaster*, they resolved to lie there all night, and return for *London* the

next morning. In that Inn they had not sate long in the Room next the street, condoling among themselves the ill success of such a tedious journey, and the misfortune of their Friend, before the Convoy came thundring up to the door of the same Inn with their Prisoner; in regard that Captain *Mason* had made choice of that Inn, as being best known to him, to give his Guardians the refreshment of a dozen of Drink. There Mr. *Blood*, unseen, had a full view of his friend and the persons he had to deal with. He had bespoke a small Supper, which was at the fire, so that he had but very little time for Consultation, finding that Captain *Mason's* Party did not intend to alight; so that he onely gave general directions to his Associates to follow his example in whatever they saw him do. In haste therefore they called for their Horses, and threw down their Money for the reckoning, telling the woman of the House, that since they had met with such good Company they were resolved to go forward.

Captain *Mason* went off upon a sorry Beast, and with him the Commander of the Party and four more; the rest staid behind to make an end of their liquor; then away marched one more single; and in a very small time after, the last two. By this time Mr. *Blood*, and one of his friends being horsed, followed the two that were hindmost and soon overtook them. These four rode some little time together, Mr. *Blood* on the right hand of the two Soldiers, and his friend on the left. But upon a sudden Mr. *Blood* laid hold of the reins of the Horse next him, while his friend in observation of his directions, did the same on the other hand, and having presently by surprise dismounted the Soldiers, pull'd off the Bridles, and sent the Horses to pick their Grass where they pleased. These two being thus made sure off, Mr. *Blood* pursues his Game, intending to have reached the single Trooper. But he being got to the rest of his fellows, now reduced to six and a Barber

of *York* that Travelled in their Company, *Mr. Blood* made up, heads the whole Party, and stops them. Of which some of the foremost looking upon him to be either Drunk or Mad, thought the rebuke of a Switch to be a sufficient Chastisement of such a rash presumption, which they exercised with more contempt than fury, till by the rudeness of his Compliments he gave them to understand, that he was not in jest, but in very good earnest, He was soon seconded by his friend that was with him at the first Exploit. But there had been several rough blows dealt between the unequal number of six to two, before *Mr. Blood's* two other friends came to his assistance. Nay, I may safely say seven to two. For the Barber of *York*, whether out of his natural propensity to the Sport, or that his Pot-valiantness had made him so generous to help his Fellow-travellers, would need shew his valour at the beginning of the Fray. But better he had been at the latter end of a Feast, for though he shew his Prudence to take the stronger side as he guest by the number; yet because he would take no warning which was often given him, not to put himself to the hazard of losing a Ghittar finger, by meddling in a business that nothing concerned him, he lost his life, in regard that they were forced to dispatch him in the first place, for giving them a needless trouble.

The Barber being thus become a useless Instrument, and the other of *Mr. Blood's* friends being come up, the Skirmish began to be very smart; the four assailants having singled out their Champions as fairly and equally as they could. All this while Captain *Mason* being rode before upon his thirty shilling Steed, wondring, his Guard came not with him, looked back, and observing a Combustion, and that they were altogether by the Ears, knew not what to think. He conjectured it at first to have been some intrigue upon-him, as if the Troopers had a design to tempt to an Escape, which might afterwards prove

more to his prejudice ; just like Cats, that with a regardless scorn seem to give the distressed Mouse all the liberty in the world to get away out of their Paws, but soon recover their Prey again at one jump. Thereupon unwilling to undergo the hazard of such a Tryal, he comes back at what time Mr. *Blood* cried out to him, *Horse, Horse quickly*. An Alarm so amazing at first, that he could not believe it to be his friends voice, when he heard it ; but as the thoughts of Military men are soon Summon'd together, and never hold *Spanish Councils*, the Captain presently settled his resolution, Mounts the next Horse that wanted a Rider, and puts in for a share of his own self-preservation. In this bloody Conflict Mr. *Blood* was three times unhorsed, occasioned by his forgetfulness, as having omitted to new girt his Saddle, which the Ostler had unloosened upon the wadding his Horse at his first coming into the Inn. Being then so often dismounted, and not knowing the reason, which the occasion would not give him leave to consider, he resolv'd to fight it out on Foot. On which two of the Soldiers taking the advantage, singled him out and drove him into a Court-yard, where he made a stand with a full Body, his Sword in one hand, and his pistol in the other. One of the Soldiers taking that advantage of his open Body, shot him near the shoulder-blade of his Pistol Arm, at what time he had four other Bullets in his Body that he had received before. Which the Soldier observing, flung his discharged Pistol at him with that good aim and violence, that he hit him a stunning blow just under the Forehead, upon the upper part of the Nose between the Eyes. Which for the present so amaz'd him, that he gave himself over for a Dead man. Yet resolving, like a true Cock of the Game, to give one sparring blow before he expir'd, such is the strange provocation and success of despair, with one vigorous stroke of his Sword, he brought his adversary with a vengeance from his Horse, and laid him in a far worse condition than himself at his Horses feet.

At what time, full of anger and revenge he was just going to make an end of his Conquest by giving him the fatal stab. But in that very Nick of time Captain *Mason*, having with the help of his friends done his business where they had fought, by the Death of some, and the disabling others that opposed them, came in, and bid him hold, and spare the life of one that had been the Civilest person to him upon the road, a fortunate piece of kindness in the one, and of gratitude in the other. Which Mr. *Blood* easily condescending to, by the joynt assistance of the Captain, the other Soldier was soon Mastered, and the victory, after a sharp Fight that lasted about two hours, was at length compleated.

You may be sure the Fight was well maintained on both sides, while two of the Soldiers besides the Barber, were slain upon the place, three unhorsed, and the rest wounded. And it was observable, that though the encounter happened in a Village, where a great number of people were Spectators of the Combat, yet none would adventure the rescue of either Party, as not knowing which was in the wrong, or which in the right, and was therefore wary of being Arbitrators in such a desperate Contest, where they saw the reward of assistance, to be nothing but present Death. After the Combat was over, Mr. *Blood* and his friends divided themselves and parted several ways.

And it was Mr. *Bloods* misfortune to ride all that night and lose his way, nothing but blood and gore all over from Top to Toe, before he could get to his friends house whither he designed, and have the assistance of a Surgeon, where he there obtained. The rest got safe in some few days to their several Sanctuaries.

However, such was the occasion of their departure, and the necessity of their parting without Complements, that several weeks were past before they united again, or knew what became of one another. Such

a Coherence there is between the departures of Death itself, and those occasioned by the fear of Death.

So soon as this remarkable Skirmish was over, Mr. *Blood* lay close for a while, there being no less than three hundred pound set upon his head, for a reward to any person that should apprehend him. To which purpose believing he could be no where so safe, as under the disguise of a Doctor, he returned again to his old Sanctuary at *Rumford*, and there fell again to his former practice of Physick.

But whether his active Spirit were impatient of this Quiet, or that the temptations of Opportunities engaged him to new Enterprises, he seemed now desirous to repair the damages of his lost Estate, believing that they who either detained, or had disposed of his right (and certain it is that he assumed to himself both Right and Title) ought to make him satisfaction.

To this purpose after several Consultations and Deliberations with himself, Mr. *Blood* comes to Town, and having Mustered to his assistance about five or six persons more, in whose resolution and secrecy he could confide, it was resolved at length that the person of the Duke of *Ormond* then living at *Clarendon-house*, at the upper end of the Street leading from St. *James's* Palace should be seized, designing to make those advantages of his person, which they had before concluded upon.

This Enterprise being resolved, Mr. *Blood* with five more of his trusty Gang, being well Armed and Mounted, having set the Duke's Coach upon the sixth of *December*, in the year 1670, at night, and finding he was to pass from St. *James's* through the Long Street to *Clarendon-house* with a very small attendance, they soon secured the Flambeaus and Lackeys that carried them, and having stopt the Coach, and made sure of the Driver, they forc'd the Duke out of his Coach,

and set him behind one of the Company, who was not then to enquire what he was to do with a purchase of that value, having received his orders before, to ride through thick and thin with him, till he got to the place appointed, where they would not be long absent from him to have made better and more secure provision for his farther, and more private conveyance.

An attempt which might perhaps have succeeded, had it been made upon a person whose courage and valour were not so easie to be quelled. But those vertues meeting in the Duke with a strength proportionable; the stout resistance which he made, and the struggling with his Assaulters, gave them no small trouble, and the Duke, the leisure to have the News of the attempt carried to his House, which soon brought the Porter at the Gate to his assistance. The Assailants made away for *Fulham Ferry* where they got over and conveyed themselves to their places of Refuge where they lay concealed, though great rewards were proffered for their apprehension, and a Thousand pounds particularly set upon Mr. *Blood's* head, which took no effect, till his next attempt discovered him.

Thus had Mr. *Blood* attempted several ways to repair the losses, which he supposed himself to have sustained, either from the neglect or permission of the Authority, which he thought was concerned to make him satisfaction. One project yet remained, which he was certain would either make or marr him; if he escaped he thought himself made; if he failed in the attempt, he knew the enterprize would make such a noise in the world, that he was sure to be another *Herostratus*, and to live in story for the strangeness, if not the success of his attempts, and to make himself whole by the spoiles of the *English Crown*, which

though it lay in a safe place, the Tower, he was resolved to fetch from its Sanctuary.

Having therefore resolved upon the fact, the ways of accomplishing the Design were duly consulted. And because such Enterprises are not to be carried on without accomplices, he made choice of three or four more, who he knew would not flinch from him.

As for his own part, he put himself into the habit of a Doctor of Divinity, with a little Band, a long false beard, a Cap with Ears, and all those other Formalities of Garb belonging to that Degree, except the Gown, rather choosing to make use of a Cloke as being most proper for his purpose.

Under this disguise he made it his business to get acquainted with the keeper of the *Regalia*, an old man; he brought several persons to see the *Regalia*, who were no unprofitable Guests.

He treated and caressed the Keeper at a rate not so much Expensive, as kind and obliging, by which means he had created such a familiarity, and intimacy with the old man, that he took the Doctor to be no Wolf in Sheeps-cloathing, but one of his greatest Friends, insomuch that the Old man having a Son, and the Doctor pretending to have a Daughter, the two parents were upon concluding a Match between the young people, which had proceeded so far, that the Doctor and the Keeper gave each other the Appellation of Brother.

The day before the Fact was to be done, the Doctor came and informed the Old man, that he had some friends to go out of Town the next morning, to whom he had promised a sight of the *Regalia* that were in his Custody, and desired he might have the kindness to gratifie their Curiosity, though perhaps the time might be not seasonable, as being a little too early.

The next morning (May 9, 1671) the Doctor and two more, having prepared their Conveniences of a Wallet and a Wooden Mallet, went directly to the Old man's House where the *Regalia* lay, leaving one of their companions to hold their horses that staid for them at the Iron Gate.

The Old man no sooner saw his new Brother, the Doctor and his friends, but he was ready to shew them the civility which the Doctor had requested the day before, and accordingly open'd the Doors where the Treasure lay.

It seems it is the custom of the Keeper of the *Regalia* when he exposes them to publick view, to lock himself within a kind of Grate or Door with open Bars, to the end those things of high value may be seen but not soyled by the touch of so many people, as daily came to see these precious Ornaments.

But the Doctor and his Companions were too quick for the Old man and followed him so close at his heels, that he had no sooner opened the Door, but they were likewise in with him. Presently they seized the Old Man, for whom, though he struggled much to preserve his Reputation and the Charge he had, it was in vain to make a long resistance, for they had soon put him beyond making a noise, as having received several unkind knocks with the wooden Mallet.

One of the Company was for killing of the Old man outright, but his Brother the Doctor would not permit so great a piece of Barbarism, as being under a disguise that would have rendered the Fact doubly heinous, had he added Murther to Robbery under the notion of an Ecclesiastical Person.

Having thus got Possession of their Purchase, they made flat the bows of the Crown to make it more Portable, and so having conveyed it into their Wallet, together with the Scepter, and Dove, they began to set forward.

But just in the nick of their departure, a Son of the Old man's, who had not been in *England* for ten years before (so strange a Providence attends the Discovery of great Crimes) coming to the House to see his Father, and making enquiry where he was, was told he was in the Treasury shewing the *Regalia* to some friends.

Thereupon out of a zealous impatience of filial Duty to cast himself at his Father's Knees he flew to the Place, where he was soon surprized with a sight, not more unexpected and amazing, than Sad and Dreadful to behold, his Father weltering in his Blood, and the Royal Treasury Robb'd.

It was no time then to make unnecessary Lamentations, which would have given the Criminals liberty to have Escaped, and therefore with a prompt and ready Courage, knowing the persons again by their Habits as they went out, he presently pursued them, put the Sentinels and other Soldiers upon their duty, by his Out-cries, so that although the Doctor and his friends made all the Resistance they could, as it behoved them; yet all the Resistance they could make was in vain in such a place as that, for both the Doctor and his Accomplices were all taken, but he that held the Horses, who fled upon the Rumor, and the *Regalia* were all recovered again, all bruised and battered, yet without the loss of one Stone, unless it were one which was afterwards found by a poor Sinder Woman, and restored to the Keeper of those appointed in his stead.

This fact being made known among the people, and aggravated with the Murther of the Keeper, as it was then reported, made a great noise about the Town, so that Mr. *Blood* had received several Sentences before the particulars of the Crime was fully examined.

But the People not being the proper Judges of the Crime, Mr. *Blood* upon his Apprehension, was carried before his Majesty himself, by

whom he was examin'd with a Lenity and Moderation not to be paralleled.*

It was in vain to deny a Fact so easy to be proved against him ; and therefore he thought it more convenient, and more suitable with his Condition to appear with a resolution, which perhaps would much better have become a nobler Act.

As the Passages of his Examination were known but to few, so they have been but to as few Communicated.

But 'tis to be presumed that a man of his daring and adventurous Courage, was not wanting to himself in the justification, as far as lay in his power, of the offence which he had committed. No question but that he made a full declaration of the wrongs, injuries, and losses which he had sustained (and men in such cases will pretend to be the most proper Judges of their own Causes,) and the Disgraces and Disappointments he had met with in *Ireland*.

* Grainger says—" Blood told the King, by whom he was examined, that he had undertaken to kill him; and that he went with that purpose to a place in the river, where he bathed; but was struck with so profound an awe upon sight of his (naked) Majesty, that his resolution failed him, and he entirely laid aside his design: that he belonging to a band of ruffians equally desperate with himself, who had bound themselves by the strongest oaths to revenge the death of any of his associates. Upon this he receiv'd the Royal pardon,† and had a handsome pension allowed him. He was now no longer considered as an impudent criminal, but as a Court Favorite; and application was made to the Throne by the mediation of Mr. Blood."

† It has been a matter of surprise with many, that Charles II. should receive Blood into favor immediately after the daring attempt at the Tower; tho' when the zeal with which he espoused the Royal Cause during the struggle between Charles I. and the Parliament, is considered, it is but just and natural to conjecture, that the second Charles was happy in thus having an opportunity of shewing his gratitude to Blood for those services. This is, at least, a more rational conjecture, why Blood should be immediately about the person of his Sovereign, than that asserted by Noorthouck (*Hist. Diet.* vol. 1.) where he says, "the King kept Blood about his person to intimidate those who should dare to offend him." This remark is paying Charles a very sorry compliment. The above Historian also mentions, that Charles gave Blood a Pension of £500. per Annum.

However it were, his Majesty was graciously pleased to make him a proposition, that could not chose but be welcome to a person under his Circumstances, by asking him this single Question, *What if he should grant him his life?* To which Mr. *Blood* is said to have replied, *That he would endeavour to deserve it.*

How or which way that could be, is a Secret, which it cannot be expected should be here discuss'd, but the Consequences of the whole proceeding, which were his Pardon, not only for himself, and his Followers, or rather Assistants and Accomplices, together with his readmission into his Majesties favour, were assured signs that he had given that satisfaction, which if they that received it were willing to accept, no person else had reason to misdoubt.

This is evident that soon after *Desborough*, *Relsey*, and others appeared publicly about the Town, coming over from *Holland* and surrendering themselves to his Majesty. Which by whom ever procured, might be thought a good piece of service at that time, when the two Nations of *England* and *Holland* being embroyled in open Wars, the Conduct and Advice of such Persons might have been of no small prejudice to us, and advantage to the Enemy.

However it was publickly taken notice of that Mr. *Blood* was dayly with the said Persons at the same, at Mr. *White's Coffee House* behind the *Royal Exchange*, where they met in a Room by themselves. So well and smoothly did Mr. *Blood* both then and since behave himself among those that are called the Dissenting Party.*

* Dr. Walter Pope, in his "Life of Bishop Ward," says, "that Blood, being of a sudden become a great favorite at Court, and the chief agent of the Dissenters, brought the Bishop a verbal message from the King not to molest them; upon which he went to wait on his Majesty, and humbly represented to him, that there were only two troublesome non-conformists in his Diocese, whom he doubted not, with his Majesty's permission, but that he should bring to their duty: and then he named them. *These are the very men*, replied the King, *you must not meddle with*; to which he obeyed, letting the prosecution against them fall."

But as ingratitude is a Vice that reigns among all sorts of Religions, and all the varieties of Opinions; it is not without good presumptions thought, that those very people, that in some measure may be said, to have ow'd their lives to his painful endeavours, have since been so unkind as to prove altogether off their duly merited acknowledgments.

What is to be said of his late troubles, there is little but what is already in Print or the common Town-talk.

He says, or else it is said for him, that he was desired by the woman that keeps the *St. John's Head*, or *Heaven-Tavern*, to come and speak with her at such a time.

That upon his coming to her, she told him, that two shabby fellows had been with her some time before, to tell her that they had something of great Consequence, in reference to the welfare of the publick to reveal, but that they wanted a discreet person to manage it.

That thereupon Mr. *Blood*, made answer that if there were any thing fit to be taken notice of, he would bring them to those that had sufficient authority to take notice of it, and thereupon promised to meet the persons.

That upon his second coming to speak with his Discoverers, they refused to speak with him, for that understanding he was the person with whom they were to Discourse, they aver'd they should have nothing to do with him, for that he was the Duke of *Buckingham's* friend.

That thereupon, the woman of the House, that Mr. *Blood* might see that she had not told him a lie, persuaded one of the persons to shew himself to Mr. *Blood*.

Who to that purpose, as he passed by stepped into the Room where Mr. *Blood* was, and going in, told, that he and his fellows had business

of great concernment to discover, but could not then by reason of another appointment, and so concluded upon another day.

That Mrs. *Bradley* upon this came to him to his House, and told him she believed the fellows were Rogues and Trapans, and advised him to seize them and carry them before a Magistrate.

That Mr. *Blood*, weighing the consequence of the womans advice, and being informed by her of their Lodgings according to the Directions of one Mr. *Curtis*, went to Doctor *Chamberlain* one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of *Middlesex*, and told him the story. Who thereupon not only gave Mr. *Blood* his Warrant, but accompanied him till the Execution of his Warrant.

That two persons were by him apprehended by the names of *Philemon Codan*, and *Samuel Ryther*.

That upon their apprehension, and first Examination severally, before Doctor *Chamberlain*, they seem to wonder what he meant when he told them, he heard they knew of a Plot, and wanted a Magistrate to reveal it to.

That thereupon the Justice of the Peace told them all that Mr. *Blood* had told him concerning their Discourse with Mr. *Bradley*, and their appointment to meet Mr. *Blood*.

That to this, one of them, *viz.* *Codan* replied that it was about the Duke of *Buckingham*, who he said owed them several hundreds of pounds upon an account of Wages, and that they wanted somebody that was able to cope with him. To whom one *Curtis* standing by, replied, in these words.

How, did not I hear your say at such a place that you knew of a greater Plot yet undiscovered than either Mr. *Oates*, or Mr. *Bedloe* had hitherto made out? to which the said *Codan* gave no satisfactory answer; and *Ryther* protested he knew nothing of a Plot, or any thing like it.

That to all this the Doctor urg'd, that it was not to be that any discreet person should be so overseen as to interpose between Master and Servant about Wages, especially so great a person as the Duke was, and therefore that could not be the reason of their meeting at *Heaven*.

That thereupon one of them starting up in a violent Passion before the Justice of the Peace, swore that he would be revenged upon the Duke of *Buckingham*, and that he would Swear any thing that could tend to the doing him a prejudice, and that he himself would Swear Sodomy against him.

That upon this the Justice of the Peace having told them that he neither did believe nor would hear any thing relating to the Duke, ask'd them joyntly, what was the reason they ran away at the sight of Mr. *Blood* at Mrs. *Bradleys*. To which they replied, that they were mistrustful of him, because they had heard he was the Duke's friend.

That thereupon Dr. *Chamberlain* taking them for impertinent fellows dismissed them, with directions to consider what they had said, and to attend him at such a time at his House, where he would be ready to hear whatever they had to discover concerning any Plot.

That accordingly they came with one *Whitaker* and *Jenks*, where Mr. *Blood* likewise attended. At what time Doctor *Chamberlain*, asking them the meaning of their former shuffling stories, they replied they had a farther design to carry on for the good of the publick, but would come to no particulars. Whereupon Doctor *Chamberlain* dismissed them.

That soon after Sir *W. W.* sent for Mr. *Blood* to a Tavern in *Westminster*, whither when he came, he found *Ryther*, *Codan*, *Whitaker*,

and *Jenks* in *Sir Williams Company* : and what more surprised him, he found *Ryther* and *Codan*, in a Gentile Equipage, and Alamode accoutrements, whom he looked upon before as very mean Fellows.

That presently then, *Sir William* told him he was very much troubled for the premunire he had brought himself into ; for that *Ryther* and *Codan* were come to depose upon Oath, that he had attempted several times to corrupt them with Money, and other Rewards to swear Sodomy against the Duke of *Buckingham*.

That upon Mr. *Blood's* making strange of it, *Codan* started up and confirmed the same.

That thereupon Mr. *Blood* ask'd them how they could be so impudent, as to invent such a thing against him whom they had never seen but once at *Heaven*, and another time with Doctor *Chamberlain* ?

That thereupon Mr. *Whitaker* and Mr. *Jenks* stood up, and bid Mr. *Blood* be honest, and just, and Confess. To whom Mr. *Blood* repli'd, You that have been these two years last employed to Asperse me, and could you find no better invention than this ?

That after this, Mr. *Blood* directing his Discourse to *Sir William Waller*, desired of him to know the meaning of the whole story, which was a thing so unknown to himself. Upon which Mr. *Whitaker* and Mr. *Jenks*, joyntly affirmed *Codan* and *Ryther* to be honest men, and prest *Sir William* for Justice.

That thereupon *Sir William* desired Mr. *Blood* very Civilly to put in Bail ; to which Mr. *Blood* replied, that he would consider of it, and so for that time went about his occasions.

That the next morning, he went to *Sir William's* House, for a copy of his *Mittimus*, which at length was granted him.

That the next day he was met by a Constable, who told him he had a Warrant against him from *Sir William Waller*, mistaking a *Mittimus*

for a Warrant, and thereupon he went away with the Constable to a Tavern where he continued under restraint of the Constable several hours.

That while he was under Custody, Sir *William* apprehensive of some mistake, as is pretended, sent one of the Witnesses to the Constable, to know how he had disposed of Mr. *Blood*, and whether he had carried him to Prison; Who made answer, that he had not sufficient Authority for so doing, and that Mr. *Blood* might bring him into trouble for so doing, as not having been carried before a Justice of Peace, as he ought to have been first of all.

That thereupon the Witness went back to Sir *William*, and not long after returned to the Constable, and brought him a Warrant to seize Mr. *Blood*, and for want of Bail to carry him to the *Gate-house*.

That upon that Warrant Mr. *Blood* gave in Bail before Sir *William Poultene*y to answer the Accusation.

Upon which Accusation Mr. *Blood* with the rest were found Guilty.

The Verdict being given in against them, his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham* lays a great Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against Mr. *Blood*, whereby he was forced for Refuge to the *King's Bench*; where I will leave him until the next Term at which time I shall be farther Capacitated to enlarge upon this Subject; and whereas at this time I have acquainted you of things concerning this business only by Report, I shall endeavour to become a more nearer Inspector myself as to what may ensue upon the whole, that in all things I may approve myself,

SIR,













































Yours ready to be Commanded,

R. H.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

S I R,

Make no doubt, but as the foregoing account of the most remarkable passages of the Life of Mr. *Blood*, did in some measure satisfy your curiosity; so likewise by what I promised in the conclusion, it left you in expectation of more: And indeed, I resolved to have made what use I could both of my own, and Friends acquaintance with him, to have procured a true information of many other material, though minuter occurrences of so singular a Life; which no man but the person himself was able to give, with the true light of those circumstances that made them, as to him, observable, who seldom or never set about any thing which was not inspired by somewhat above the common principals of conduct: But the last term of human life, has prevented the term wherein (as I told you) I hoped to have been capacitated to give you a larger account of that subject; and the Death of that noted man confines now my Relation to what preceeded and was subsequent to his end.

I left him in the *King's-Bench*, into which he had turned himself over by a *Habeas Corpus* from the *Gate House*; but his stay was not long there, for having given security for his Imprisonment, he returned to his own house in the *Bowling Alley* in *Westminster*, not far from the house of Sir *William Waller*. When he was thus retired

unto the quiet recess of his own private habitation, he began with more than ordinary concern to reflect upon his condition, both as to his personal reputation, and the interest of his Family; the one he saw extreemly blasted, not through any injustice of the Court, but (as he still affirmed) the malice of Enemies; and the other in a probable way of ruine, partly by disappointments from Debtors, especially when he stood most in need of his own; and partly by that heavy and crushing Action of Ten thousand pounds which his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham* thought fit to lay upon him, for his having laid a scandal on a Peer of his Grace's quality.

These dismal thoughts assaulting a man of his high spirit, (that by the circumstances he was in then, found no probability of getting out of the mire by his former methods of contriving and daring, but perceived himself in a manner mannaled at this time, whereas in all the other exigencies of his life he had constantly trusted to his hands and actions) brought upon him a pensive passion of Melancholy, the usual Rock on which great and aspiring spirits at last split: and the sickly season of the year having fitted his body for the impressions of a discontented mind he fell sick of a fatal, though no violent distemper.

His sickness lasted fourteen days; during which, he was often visited by some of my acquaintance, and particularly by a Minister that went to administer to him what spiritual assistance he found him capable of: This person acquainted me, that he found him apparently in a sedate temper of mind as to the concerns of his Soul, nothing startled at the apprehensions of approaching death; that he told him he had set his thoughts in order, and was ready and willing to obey, when it pleased God to give him the last call: but that he desired not to spend much time in discourse, as being neither suitable to his condition nor humour: And indeed for the remaining time of his sickness (except

in ordering his domestic affairs) he seemed always unwilling to be engaged in any conference; but continued in bed, like one who suffered more under the discipline of a discontented heart, than the violence of any bodily distemper, which many times appeared by those unvoluntary sighs, that in the intervals, betwixt his frequent slumbers, he was observed to fetch. On *Monday* before his death he was taken speechless, and continued so, in a kind of *Lethargie*, without much motion or action, unless a drowsie heaving and fetching for breath, until *Wednesday* the 24th of *August*, 1680, about Three of the Clock in the afternoon, at which time he expired.

It hath been given out by some (according to the manner of this censorious age) that he made use of some Narcotick and stupifying Medicines, either to hasten or facilitate his death; and they would ground their presumptions (for evidence have they none) upon his drowsiness and insensibility during the last days of his sickness: from what cause that torpor proceeded, is the province of Physicians to determine; but that every one who dies in that manner must have had recourse to Art, I think none dare affirm; and therefore no man ought, on partial conjectures, to judge rashly of one, who had the courage not to despair in the worst circumstances of life, and far less should be thought to do it, on a death-bed of no painful sickness.

An Arrow out of the same Quiver, is another malicious report, that he died a *Papist*; but it would be needless to produce the testimonies of persons beyond exception, who were constantly with him in his sickness to refute this aspersion, since the education, past life, and interest of Colonel *Blood* at this time, may be sufficient to convince all candid and unprejudiced men, that this surmise is but a calumny raised by those enemies of his, who would willingly have had him worse than they could make him.

On *Friday* after his death he was decently interred in the new Chapple by *Tuttle-fields*, near the place where his Wife lies buried, in hopes of a more joyful resurrection than his body soon after met with ; For a rumour that came abroad, that some persons had seen Mr. *Blood* alive, and the report of his sickness, death, and ceremony of his burial, was but a farce and a piece of Pageantry to carry on some design ; his Body was on *Thursday* after disinterred, and the Coroner with his Jury appointed to sit upon, and take cognizance of the same. The Coroner accordingly, with his jury, who are all, or most of them supposed to have known the Colonel, met and viewed the Body ; but found his Face so altered and swollen in those Six days it had lodged in the earth, and so few lineaments and features of their old acquaintance, that they could not agree on their Verdict. And though a Captain that was present, and an intimate acquaintance, of the deceased Colonel,* shewed them his Thumb, which by some accident he had received in his life time, had grown to a prodigious bigness, and was taken notice of by all that kept him company ; yet the Jury, not thinking it so easie to discover Colonel *Blood* by his Thumb, as it was of old to know *Hercules* by his Foot, demurred upon it, and for what I can hear, have not as yet given in their Verdict.

It is not very strange that lifeless flesh and blood hastening to return to the dust from whence it was taken, and ready to dissolve into putrefaction, should in Six or Seven days be disfigured beyond kenning ; but it is somewhat extraordinary, that such a Person as Mr. *Blood*, who in all the changes of a restless and shifting life, never wanted a competent subsistence for himself and Family, should at last, after he had

* *Blood* was not a Colonel : it was only a *travelling* title he assumed.

weathered the greatest storms of adversity, made many Friends, recovered the favour of his Prince, settled himself and Family in a neat and splendid habitation, and had money abroad in the World, that such a one, I say, should dye, and have so inconsiderable a Cash by him, that it would be thought too small a *viaticum* for a Forty-miles Journey; and yet this through disappointments was his case, which without doubt added no small weight to the other pressures of mind that first sunk, and at last broke that great heart, which had often despised the danger of many astonishing and bold attempts, in the course of a very singular and remarkable life, of Fifty and three years duration.

Characters of men, *Sir*, are best drawn from their actions; and I should be bold to give a judgment of this person, after that you have had a candid relation of the greatest achievements of his life: yet I think it may not be altogether presumptuous, if I offer to assist your Remarks upon the preceding Narrative, by a rough, yet plain representation of the sense that Judicious men, who were acquainted with the Colonel better than myself, have had, and still have of his value.

He was a man, in their opinion, fitter to imbroyl then compose a disconcerted Society; to be a mate to some hunting *Nimrod*, rather than an assistant to a peaceful Magistrate; not that he wanted a reach of understanding, and with a prompt comprehension of things a clear and distinguishing judgment; but his ambitious and restless spirit, suitably lodged in a strong and vigorous body, always directed his thoughts to such stirring and active counsels, as not only were inconsistent with temper and mildness, but required a necessary concurrence of undaunted resolution, with plodding sagacity, before they could be brought to effect: And indeed his heart and head clubbed so equally, and kept so true a pace together in all his undertakings,

that if the great things he set about failed of the projected success yet they were still brought so near an issue, that Providence seemed concerned, by defeating them at the last nick, to make good that Oracle of Scripture, *That God brings to nought the counsels of the wise.* And his designs were generally laid with so much artifice, and managed with that confidence of undertaking, that in all probability, humane and ordinary circumspection was not sufficient to way-lay him in many of his subtil and politick contrivances.

They cannot deny but that there was great obliquity in his morals, since his most noted actions can allow of no other appellation, than that of splendid crimes; but whether the injuries which he always pretended to have received, disjoyned the original rectitude of his nature and education, by bending him to revenge, or that powerful ambition, which seems to be the greatest excess that swayed him, set him upon unusual methods of conduct, it is still certain that he pursued none of those mean and sneaking actions, that leaves an indelible character of ignominy upon those who would be thought Gentlemen, when they trade in the steps of Villains. He was indeed forbidden game, but never on the King's High-way, always in Royal Parks and Forrests; Crowns, Scepters and Government were his booty; and the surprising of Castles and Vice-Roys his recreation. For compassing those great ends, he had a wonderful Art of insinuating into the affections of the Leaders of all discontented parties; and maugre the differences or remonstrances of the various persuasions in Religion of those he rallied with, he still won so much upon the minds of the Cabals, that (unless it be of late) he was never suspected by his Party; though it appeared at his last, that he either fell back, or had in his heart constantly adhered to the Religion wherein he was educated.

In sum, *Sir*, when they have considered him on every side, in the heat of bustling, and in the cool of his retreat, which seemed only to be his quarter of refreshment, wherein he plotted and laid new trains for action, they think that part of the burlesk Epitaph that was made on Mr. *Prynn*, may very fitly quadrate to this famed man :

*That he went through thick and thin,
Was never out, nor never in.*

And so I shall leave him to his Judge, and recommend myself to your good wishes ; being

Sir,

Yours.

FINIS.

that if the great things he set about failed of the projected success yet they were still brought so near an issue, that Providence seemed concerned, by defeating them at the last nick, to make good that Oracle of Scripture, *That God brings to nought the counsels of the wise.* And his designs were generally laid with so much artifice, and managed with that confidence of undertaking, that in all probability, humane and ordinary circumspection was not sufficient to way-lay him in many of his subtil and politick contrivances.

They cannot deny but that there was great obliquity in his morals, since his most noted actions can allow of no other appellation, than that of splendid crimes; but whether the injuries which he always pretended to have received, disjoynted the original rectitude of his nature and education, by bending him to revenge, or that powerful ambition, which seems to be the greatest excess that swayed him, set him upon unusual methods of conduct, it is still certain that he pursued none of those mean and sneaking actions, that leaves an indelible character of ignominy upon those who would be thought Gentlemen, when they trade in the steps of Villains. He was indeed forbidden game, but never on the King's High-way, always in Royal Parks and Forrests; Crowns, Scepters and Government were his booty; and the surprising of Castles and Vice-Roys his recreation. For compassing those great ends, he had a wonderful Art of insinuating into the affections of the Leaders of all discontented parties; and maugre the differences or remonstrances of the various persuasions in Religion of those he rallied with, he still won so much upon the minds of the Cabals, that (unless it be of late) he was never suspected by his Party; though it appeared at his last, that he either fell back, or had in his heart constantly adhered to the Religion wherein he was educated.

In sum, *Sir*, when they have considered him on every side, in the heat of bustling, and in the cool of his retreat, which seemed only to be his quarter of refreshment, wherein he plotted and laid new trains for action, they think that part of the burlesk Epitaph that was made on Mr. *Prynn*, may very fitly quadrate to this famed man :

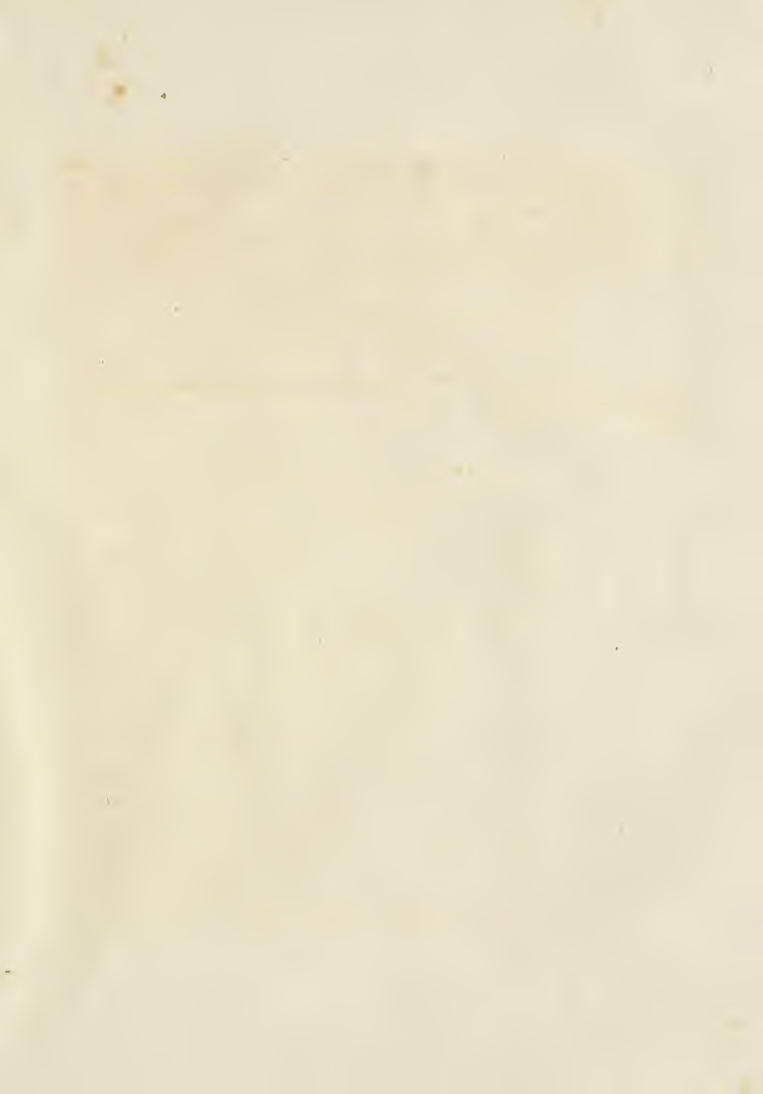
*That he went through thick and thin,
Was never out, nor never in.*

And so I shall leave him to his Judge, and recommend myself to your good wishes; being

Sir,

Yours.

FINIS.





14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

AUG 16 '65

APR 29 1985

June 1

RECEIVED BY

MAY 24 1985

CIRCULATION DEPT.

LD 21A-60m-4,'64
(E4555s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

GENERAL LIBRARY - U.C. BER

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C051141329



